WHEEL PATH PROJECT

INDIANAPOLIS, CHICAGO AND PEORIA TO BE CONNECTED.

Wheelway League, Which Will Build the Broad Ripple Path, Incorporated—General Bicycle News.

Fred Patee, a local bicycle man, has a scheme on foot whereby he hopes to connect Indianapolis, Chicago and Peoria by a cycling path. Mr. Patee, after several years' experience in conducting bicycle enterprises, does not expect to complete the path all at once, but this year he hopes to get a portion of it constructed and the scheme sufficiently well known to insure its completion at an early date. Bicycle enthusiasts already see ahead the time when good roads shall connect all cities and be as important to life, comfort and business as the wagon roads now are. The L. A. W., which has done so much in interesting the public in the subject of good roads, is already seeing the fruits of its labors, for in many localities better roads are being made, and as the possibilities of the bicycle seem unlimited, it does not appear at all improbable that within a few years cities and towns will be linked together by a network of good roads. The scheme of Mr. Patee may help to bring about this result.

There is one thing to be regretted, and that is that Mr. Patee has commenced at the Peoria end to construct his path. The wheelmen of that city have taken kindly to the project, as have those of Chicago. The towns along the way are also showing an interest, and each county between Peoria and Chicago may become sufficiently interested to build a path within itself. Mr. Patee proposes to give a gigantic road race at Peoria this season to raise money with which to begin the work, which will be in the making of the survey. Preparations are already being made for the race, in which some very handsome prizes will be offered. Mr. Patee anticipates little difficulty in completing his plans from Peoria to Chicago. This accomplished, or assurances of it obtained, the work will begin at Indianapolis.

Mr. Patee anticipates that the County Commissioners along the proposed route between here and Chicago will assist in the undertaking, while wheelmen will have to undertake the engineering. The experience has been that it is not difficult to obtain a right of way for a bicycle path. People who use country roads prefer that wheelmen take the side, and a path along the side of the road removes all danger of horses frightening at bicycles. The great number of bicycles furnishes a reason for the improvement of roads, or at least making some provision for them. The pleasure and accommodation of cyclists will be considered as seriously within a few years, judging from all the present indications, as those of any other class of people. Many farmers own bicycles, so the "city chaps" are not alone benefited by a good road.

Mr. Patee argues that a good bicycle road leading from Indianapolis would benefit the city, and not alone the bicycle interests. It would make possible easy communication between this city and towns north. The towns through which the road would pass would be benefited, for tourists from here would constantly be passing through, while the traffic might suggest that of the turnpikes in the days before the railroads. Besides, such a road would furnish an excellent stretch for pleasure riding for all wheelmen along the line.

The cost of such a path as proposed has been taken into consideration. The path would probably go through towns north of here to Lafayette. There would probably be little objection to the grant for a right of way between here and there. At the latter place the path could be run west until a junction with the Peoria-Chicago path would be formed. Such a path along the regular wagon roads would necessitate very little grading. The chief expense would be in the gravel and cinder surfacing and the rolling. Some precaution, such as a ditch, would have to be taken to keep wagons off. The project seems to be a large one, but with the wonderful interest in cycling it is not impossible. Local wheelmen will watch with interest the manner in which the Peoria-Chicago plan is received, and a little encouragement would start the preliminary work on the Indianapolis end of the path. Mr. Patee is talking and communicating with wheelmen, and doing all he can to create an interest in the project, and the support he is receiving is encouraging.

The movement for a bicycle path, twenty-five miles in length, extending to Broad Ripple and Millersville and back to the city, is rapidly assuming shape. Yesterday the articles of association were filed with the Secretary of State, and the organization now has a legal existence. The finance committee is already at work securing subscriptions to the stock. Every rider in the city will be given an opportunity to subscribe to the fund. The shares are only $5 each, and may be paid for in installments of $1 a month. Quite a number of shares have already been subscribed, and the work is being rapidly pushed.

The committee on right of way will commence active work this week. The canal tow path has already been secured. The County Commissioners will be asked to grant permission to use the public road, or rather the side of it, from Broad Ripple to Millersville, and from Millersville to the city it is expected that a private right of way can be secured along the bank of Fall creek. This will make all of the path, except from Broad Ripple to Millersville, in the shade, an advantage possessed by no other track in the country.

The bicycle stores showed an activity last week that was far ahead of the business of this time last year. All the dealers report that they have made more sales than they had a year ago. The few pleasant days of last week was an incentive to arouse those who contemplate buying new wheels this year. If the business continues as it has begun it would not be a surprise to find that the prediction of one dealer—that there would be 25,000 riders in this city before the end of the summer—will be verified.

Fashion in bicycles is no less marked than it is in women's bonnets and wraps. Every year brings out something new, or at least a modification of something old, and that must be adopted by all riders or they will be behind the dictates of wheeling style. One year it is a cumbersome wood mud guard for women's wheels, while the next year the same power decrees that the guard shall be a light affair, laced up with cords, the color to suit the costume of the rider.

There are many other things that are not entirely a matter of simple fashion, but at the same time are distinctive of a certain year's wheels. Any rider can tell the date of the manufacture of a bicycle simply by looking at it. For instance, last year the change was in the shape of the frame. The powers that be decreed that the top bar should be horizontal with the wheel base, while the year before it sloped backward from the head. This year the same power has increased the diameter of the tubing. These things are not entirely to make a change each year, but have been adopted because of their superiority. Nevertheless they are distinctive features of the year in which they came out, and thus tell the rider the age of his friend's wheel.

The plan to have a big road race here on Memorial day seems to have met the favor of many of the wheelmen of the city. It is asserted that nothing will bring about as much enthusiasm and interest in wheeling as a handicap road race. The big races of other places are cited as instances which go to show the truth of this statement. The Chicago road race has become so unwieldy on account of the large number of entries that there has been some talk of abandoning it because of it being too great a success. Last year there were over four hundred starters, and the crowd was so great as to make it almost impossible to get them all off properly. The course is a very poor one, compared to the course for the Indianapolis race. It begins on the finest of boulevards in Lincoln Park, but soon emerges on to a rough block pavement. Then some poor boulevard is struck, and a stretch then comes that is equal to the park road, but after that the rider finds himself plowing through sand that is sometimes three inches deep. Altogether, the course is a poor one, although some of it is the finest boulevard in Chicago.

The course here would be over gravel road all the way, and while it cannot compare with the Lincoln Park boulevard, it will average much better than the Chicago course. It is about the same length. After the course is finally selected an effort will be made to secure the co-operation of the township trustee to the extent that no new gravel will be placed on the road until after Memorial day, thus giving a good hard path all the way.

The Poorman race of Cincinnati is one that has gained a national reputation. Its start, like all the others, was in a small way, but it has now come to be a feature of national road races, and draws many of the crack riders of the country.

JESTS OF DEPEW NIGHT.

Some of the Stories Were as New as the Old Testament.

New York Sun.

It was a statement of Dr. Depew himself, in his speech at the Lotus Club dinner given in his honor on Saturday evening, that opened the way for some of the best things that were said. This was the assertion that the enthusiasms of the age and of the people were dying out, that we are no longer hero worshipers, and now, instead of frescoing an idol, we analyze him. The immediate effect was that all the succeeding speakers tried to analyze Depew. They did it in various ways, but they told a lot of good stories in doing it. Seth Low began it, and said that Dr. Depew having spoken about nearly everything else on earth, had selected the text for all those who followed him, which must be Depew himself. Then he went on to say that the Doctor was such a cosmopolitan that many times in England he had been mistaken for Gladstone. When he traveled in Germany, in the days when the great Prussian general was still active, Von Moltke and Depew were interchangeable; and many a Frenchman seeing Dr. Depew in Paris nudged his neighbor and ejaculated, "Voila Thiers." But there was one capital frequently visited by Dr. Depew where the Doctor had no counterpart, and that was Constantinople, where he conducted himself neither like Abdul Aziz nor Abdul As Was.

Ex-Governor Flower took the cue. "I'm a hayseed from Jefferson county," he said, "and it was in Jefferson county a good many years ago that I first heard Chauncey Depew speak. It was in 1872, when he was running for Lieutenant Governor on the ticket with Francis Kernan, and against John A. Dix. Depew was campaigning the State, and I heard him speak in Watertown. He did first rate, and when he got warmed up he told this story about General Dix:

"'Dix came over in the Mayflower,' he said. 'The first thing he did when he landed was to get the Pilgrim fathers to elect him justice of the peace, and he's been in or after office ever since.'

"'That's a lie,' shouted some fellow in the crowd.

"Depew straightened up and looked at the man for about a minute, and then he drew a long breath and said:

"'Well, I've been making this speech for about six weeks. I've delivered it in all the principal cities of the State, and this is the first time I have ever heard that fact contradicted.'"

Some one who had preceded the ex-Governor had launched a little Depew presidential boomlet, and the story he had just told brought Mr. Flower squarely up to the boomlet. He turned toward Dr. Depew and exclaimed:

"Chauncey Depew, I wish you might be President. I wished they had nominated you in 1888. You would have revised the tariff in a different way from that in which it was done. The way they did it makes me think of the way the North Dakota farmer built his snow fence. He made it four feet high and six feet wide, and when the damn thing blew over it was two feet higher than it had been."

If any of the clergymen present had been inclined to protest they would have been mollified immediately by the Governor's prompt apology for using the big D. He referred, by way of explanation, to the celebrated time when he had used that word with reference to the political effect of one of his actions as Governor. A famous bishop from Minnesota had been talking with him a little while after that incident, and the conversation had turned to the utterance of that "damn."

"The bishop told me," said the Governor, "about a little incident that had occurred one time when he was visiting an old friend in Connecticut. Chauncey Depew was there, too. They started out together one day, and the man at whose house they were visiting said to the bishop:

"'You're going out fishing, and you're likely to get pretty cold. Now, here's a bottle of wine that was bottled in 1820. Just take it along and it may help you to keep warm.'

"Well, the Bishop took it along, and when they got out to the place where they were going to fish the bishop worked the corkscrew down into the cork and pulled. The cork came hard, and the bishop put the bottle between his knees to get a good grip on it. He pushed down so hard with one hand and pulled up so hard with the other that when the cork came the bottle slipped down and hit a rock and was broken, and all the good old wine was spilled, and the bishop straigtened up and looked around and axclaimed:

"'Depew, will you please say something?'"

The speech of the evening was really the speech of the morning, for it did not come until after midnight. It was made by Augustus Thomas, president of the Lambs Club. Mr. Thomas is a smooth-shaven, solemn-faced, boyish-looking young man, with a nimble wit and a ready tongue. He followed three men, each of whom had delivered a flamboyant eulogy of Dr. Depew, and had put a very gaudy wreath upon his brow. One, Col. John R. Fellows, had made a remarkable speech about the benefactions to the poor, and the lowly and the humble among the earth's creatures which had poured from the generous hands of Dr. Depew. Another, the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, had woven the elements of Dr. Depew's moral force into a triple crown, which he compared, in delivering it, to the beautiful triple crown waiting for Dr. Depew beyond. The third, Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, graphically pictured Dr. Depew as the Tribune of the Plebs, the voice of all the wants, aspirations and inspirations of the common people. Mr. Thomas was manifestly affected by this eloquence when he rose to speak.

"I am reminded," he said, "of a story which I heard in my youth. I cannot vouch for its truth, but I can for its antiquity. It antedates, I believe, even some of those which have been told here to-night. It is the story of Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz, in Moab. It is a long time since I read the story, but if I should stray in telling it I am sure Dr. MacArthur here can correct me. I believe that Ruth followed the regular gleaners and gathered the stray straws that escaped the employes of Boaz. She was a faithful gleaner, and in the evening she had gathered up an ephah of barley. I do not know how much an ephah is, but it must have been a good deal, for when she got it home her mother-in-law said: 'Ruth, who is the man?'

"Now, he must be a pretty acrobatic gleaner who, following after all these eloquent gentlemen who have been frescoing Dr. Depew under the guise of analysis, can bring any other theory. But I've got one. Your President asked me to speak some time ago, but I told him that I made my best speeches, like some of these gentlemen here, on Sunday morning, and I preferred to wait. But I didn't know the game. If I had I wouldn't have stayed, even to save my ante. I might have known it, too, for I perceive the usual elements. Here are the lawyer, and the doctor, and the inevitable clergyman to bring up the average of respectability.

"I began my career as a railroad fireman in a little town called St. Louis, in Missouri. I was working there when Hugh Maxwell was convicted of the murder of his friend Arthur Preller. There was a political accident named Noonan out there who had been elected a judge of the Criminal Court. On the morning of the conviction an enterprising newspaper man came out with a little yellow book made up of clippings from the records of the trial. He had paid Noonan a thousand dollars for franking the book, and it appeared as 'Maxwell's Crime and Conviction, by Judge E. A. Noonan.' Well, Noonan took his $1,000, adjourned his court, got three other spirits, took a low-necked hack and drove to the race track, where a meeting was then in progress. He opened wine. It was good and he opened some more. Along in the middle of the afternoon somebody said something to him about the bookmakers being ready for business.

"'Bookmakers?' he said. 'Bookmakers, bring me to 'em. Take me there. Us literary fellers has got to stand together.'

"Well, that's how I feel about Depew. We railroad magnates have got to stand together. A good friend is better than rubies. I believe that's the Biblical limit, isn't it, Dr. MacArthur?"

An Ordeal.

Washington Star.

"Are you sure your man is invincible?" asked the man-about-town of the prize fighter's manager.

"Well, yes; I think I may say I am."

"You seem a little doubtful."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm certain that he can whip anybody when he has his fights on and the newspaper reporters are around. But, to tell you the truth, I have never seen him in an off-hand controversy with a janitor or a private watchman."

OUR COASTER FLEET

VESSELS DOING THE LOCAL TRAFFIC OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

Schooners Graded According to Their Special Line of Business—The Captains and Their Crews.

G. E. Walsh, in New York Post.

One of the most picturesque sights to be seen on the water is a large fleet of "coasters," drifting seaward on the outgoing tide immediately after a storm. Such a scene may be seen in almost any large harbor at certain seasons of the year, but more particularly in Portland harbor, off the Maine coast, during the summer and autumn months, when the coasters are lumber-laden for Boston or New York. Frequently fifty or sixty of these coasting schooners will leave the harbor at the same time, and so alike seem they at a short distance that the whole fleet appears to be but a reduplication of one boat. They are nearly all schooners of two masts, and of about 100 tons burden. Most of them are from fifteen to thirty years old, with patched and seamed sails, and loaded down nearly to the gunwales. A storm of small proportions would force the loose planking of these ancient craft asunder, and cause leaks that would call all hands to the pumps to save them from a watery grave. In sea parlance they are only "held together by coal tar." It is this peculiar construction of the coasters that makes them flock together like a herd of sheep in some protected harbor until the conditions of wind and weather are exactly suitable for easy sailing.

No mariner upon the high seas studies the signs of the weather and reads the signals of the Weather Bureau with more diligence than the skipper of one of the numerous coasters that flit up and down the Atlantic coast in the summer season, dodging into ports at the first indication of a gale or storm, and gliding out with a favorable tide and wind to make another harbor before being overtaken by a second "spell of weather." To all outward appearances the coaster is capable of riding the rough seas with swan-like grace, and her lines are not by any means ugly, but are often very fine and graceful, showing the skill of the boat-builders of a generation ago when wooden vessels were profitable investments. The Yankee genius, that made our privateers and tea-clippers the wonders of the world and the fleetest greyhounds of the ocean, is displayed in some of the fine lines of the present coasters. Coasters do not pay in this age of steam and electricity, and they are no longer built in this or other countries. When the present fleet have gone to pieces on the rocks or sandbars, or have fallen apart by their own weight, a most interesting type of vessel will disappear from the paths of the ocean and a great American industry come to an end.

The only men who can afford to own coasters to-day are those who sail them and live on them, and these skippers are a distinct type of seamen, spending half the year in guiding their uncertain craft along the treacherous Atlantic shore, and the other half on a comfortable seacoast farm somewhere between Maine and New York. Accepting the inevitable conclusion that their old occupation will soon be wrested from them by the swift changes of time, these farmer-skippers have invested their small earnings in a home that is more secure and lasting than their schooners. So long as their vessels hang together they will follow the sea, but gradually one after another drop out of service to spend the remainder of life in some quiet fishing hamlet, or goes down to a watery grave on some rock-bound coast. When the coast skippers become a thing of the past the last relic of an age of shipbuilding that made this country famous on the high seas will be lost. The triumph of the iron age of shipbuilding over the wooden age will then be complete.

THE SKIPPER'S PROFITS.

With the present freight rates for carrying lumber, coal, lime and general merchandise of an unperishable nature, the coast skipper can clear between $350 and $500 a season, after paying the wages of his men and small necessary repairs to his craft. The average coaster cannot carry more than 100,000 feet of lumber, and she may be weeks on her journey from Maine to Boston or New York, dodging from port to port, according to the state of the weather, and remaining sometimes ten days in one place. If the wind, tides and weather are all favorable, she may make her journey in a day or two, and a few such quick trips will reward the skipper for the whole season's trouble in trying to avoid shipwreck. With an income of $400 from his schooner the old skipper can make a pleasant winter of it in his small home, where his wife and children have been diligently cultivating potatoes and hogs for their common profit. The cold season, from early December to May, is a long resting period for the coasters, and they hibernate in their small homes until the warm spring sun thaws them out. Their schooners are hauled up at the end of the cove near by, where rough seas cannot reach them, and, like their owners, they rest peacefully in their old age during the season of frost and storm.

The first signs of returning life on the old hulks are evidenced in April, when the sound of the hammer is heard on the decks. Certain patches and repairs are necessary to carry the craft successfully through another season, and the skippers, with the versatile talent of their ancestors, patch the sails and mend the rigging as readily as they navigate their vessels over the seas. Early spring is a season of busy activity until some fine morning a group of friends and relatives gather on the shore to watch the sailing of the ships. Besides the skippers there are fine young men of the hamlet who go as sailors, cooks and mates, and each one leaves behind a wife, sweetheart or mother. The parting is a sad one, for no one knows more acutely the dangers of the sea than these coast wives and daughters, who stay at home to cultivate the small garden, feed the chickens and pigs, and wait patiently for the return of the men. Sometimes they come back unexpectedly, bringing news of quick and profitable trips, but more generally they do not see their humble homes again until fall, and a few never return. The report of some terrific storm along the coast is sure to bring sad tidings to one or more of the homes by the sea.

Our coast captain is by no means uneducated. He is generally a great reader in the winter months, and publications of any kind are welcome visitors to his home. It is sometimes astonishing to see the periodicals that drift down to these small hamlets. The common fishermen of the coast should not be confounded with the coaster skippers and sailors, for they are two separate and distinct classes. The skippers are generally older men, more steady and sober, and always the owners of small farms and schooner coasters. Sometimes several will own a part interest in one craft, but usually a single skipper is the sole possessor of the vessel.

THE BUSINESS GRADED.

There are grades in the coaster schooners of to-day as there are in ocean steamers, and the uninitiated may judge of the comparative merits of the different ones according to the nature of their cargoes. The schooner that carries lime and brick must not leak, for that would mean shipwreck before she left harbor, but the lumber coaster usually leaks in several weak places, and no particular harm follows unless she is caught in a storm. The light, buoyant timber keeps the coaster afloat, even when her hold is half full of water, and by keeping the men at the pumps a few hours a day the cargo can be shipped to any port desired. The lime, coal and brick schooners are very frequently old, condemned fishing vessels, bought at Cape Cod for a mere trifle. Occasionally it is necessary to abandon the lime schooners in perfectly calm weather, owing to the timbers giving way under the strain of the cargo. During each storm that sweeps along the coast a score or more of these old coasters are abandoned or wrecked, and they float around for weeks as dangerous derelicts. Their presence upon the ocean is a menace to steamer navigation, for a half-submerged schooner loaded with lime or bricks is not the softest thing for a vessel to rub her nose against.

Coast navigation in times of rough weather and fog is a source of peril to ocean steamers on account of the neglect of some old skippers to sound the foghorn continually in misty weather, and to display their signals at night. The collision between a heavily laden coaster and an ocean steamer does not always end in the destruction of the former and the escape of the latter with a few bruises and scratches. Everything depends upon the angle formed by the two vesels coming together. A two-masted lime schooner could punch a hole into the sides of the stanchest steamer if she struck her amidships, sending her to the bottom almost as quickly as the steamer could cut her in two if she had the advantage of position. The sinking of the steamship Oregon off Fire island, a number of years ago, has never been satisfactorily explained, but one theory is that a heavily laden coaster caused the accident by running into her. Numerous other disasters have been caused in the same way, and every year several coaster schooners are run down by steamers in fogs and on dark nights.

To spend a few months on board a coaster with her genial skipper affords unmixed pleasure and surprise. It relieves the mind of many false impressions of brutal treatment of crews on board of American vessels. The old coast skippers are the last relic of a generation of fine sea captains, whose sense of justice was as strong as their love for home and for country in times of trouble. Certain it is that peace and harmony generally reign upon the average coaster, and crew and captain live upon more intimate terms than is usually imagined. This is partly accounted for by the fact that the crew is frequently made up of young men from the native hamlets and villages of the skippers. They have been bred and brought up on the coast, and, while loving the sea, they do not care to suffer the hardships of a long voyage which separates them for a year or two from their homes. They ship with the local captains for the season for eight or ten dollars a month, and return in the fall to live with their families. They are always Americans, descendants of hardy New England fishermen, sailors and whalers, knowing the waters and coves of the coast from Maine to New York as thoroughly as a child learns every nook and corner of his playground, but beyond this circumscribed limit they are as ignorant as the landsmen. Any one of them could handle the schooner skilfully if the skipper should be taken sick on board, and neither mutiny nor dispute of rank disturbs their habitual peacefulness. They are hardy and vigorous by nature, and accounts of their bravery in helping each other in times of disaster speak emphatically for their unselfishness. If there is any typical class of American seamen, possessing the fine qualities that characterized those of earlier days, when our mercantile navy was the pride of every native-born citizen, it is found among the coaster sailors who navigate the leaky, rotten schooners of a bygone age.

TAXIDERMY SELF-TAUGHT.

Simple Directions for Acquiring an Art Many Boys Covert.

Prof. H. W. Parker, in Popular Science.

Not every one can become a self-taught taxidermist, for it requires only some mechanical ingenuity and dexterity, and especially a good eye for form, as well as for observing the attitudes of animals. The process of skinning is very simple—slitting the skin of the abdomen, suspending the small animal, head downward, by a hook through the last joints of the backbone, and carefully removing without unduly stretching the skin. The leg bones are not removed, but, when reached, the joint nearest the body is cut apart and the leg bones and skin cleaned of all flesh, to be then or later treated with arsenic and wound with flax or cotton to the size and shape of the flesh. So with forelegs or wings. The head is skinned to the lips or bill, leaving attached the skull, which must be emptied of all brain through the spinal opening (enlarged if necessary), using a little stick made spoonlike.

In the smaller animals, such as birds and squirrels, dry arsenic well applied to the inside of the skin and to the skull within and without is sufficient. Larger animals, with thick skins, need arsenical soap, which is penetrative. Cut two pounds of white soap thin, dissolve with a little water over a slow fire, adding gradually twelve ounces of potash carbonate, to help solution, also four ounces of powdered chalk; removing from the fire, stir in two pounds of arsenic, and put the compound in a wide-mouthed bottle. Four or five ounces of camphor gum, triturated in alcohol, are finally added by some. Very thick skins of mammals are first soaked (several days in summer, a week in winter) in strong solution of eight parts alum, four parts salt, and one part saltpetre. Toes and lips, that cannot be skinned, and the horny lower leg of birds, are treated with alcoholic solution of corrosive sublimate, after the specimen is finished.

Precautions before or during skinning are these: If feathers or fur become bloody when the animal is shot immediately apply dry dust or powdered chalk; before skinning plug vent and throat with cotton; in the case of greasy birds, like ducks, bind the edge of the cut part of the skin with a strip of cotton cloth, and keep the inside of the skin covered with cotton wool as the process goes on; if the head is much larger than the neck, as in the case of a heron or some owls, slit the neck skin enough to draw the head through the slit; finally, care is needed not to cut eyelids in skinning.

The process of wiring (with annealed wire), and also stuffing, one who is ingenious enough can invent for himself and vary as he pleases, the one absolute rule being not to overstretch and overstuff the skin. It is safest and wisest, in preserving the smaller animals, to wind the wire frame with stuffing so as to copy the size and shape of the carcass and then insert the body thus made into the skin. By crinkling the wire that reaches from neck to tail the cross wires wound on will be kept in place. Of course, there is to be a wire, sharpened at one end, to penetrate the thick bone of the forehead, and reaching to the end of the tail vertebrae; another to cross this, firmly fixed to it, for the fore limbs. The humeri of the wings should be tied near together, to set the wings well up on the shoulder; those of mammalian fore limbs well wound to give fullness, and the hips also made to stand out fully.

After the specimen is thus put in shape and the cut sewed up, it is wound with thread or twine, or strips of cloth, to keep shape till thoroughly dry, especially to keep feathers in place after carefully arranging them. A wire through from side to side, piercing the wrist of the wing, hooked at the ends, which are concealed by feathers, holds the wings permanently in position. Spread wings of all but the large birds, extended on the wing wire, dry firmly in position if kept awhile in the position. If the tail of a large bird be spread, it needs a cross wire running through the quills.

The writer, then practically ignorant of taxidermy, began with an eagle, and mounted it with spread wings—a feat that required calculation as to size and arrangement of wire. The simple plan he adopted was to run the leg wires up through the wings, crossing each other, and firmly fastened to and over a "double track" wire from neck to tail. The wings were permanent in position, though extending seven feet from tip to tip—the usual extent, though every "son of a gun" thinks he has shot something remarkable when he brings down an eagle of that measure, and every three months the newspapers copy such a wonderful item.

By reaching a knife into the throat of a frog, the spinal column can be cut, and the body can be turned out of the mouth, and the brain thence removed, and so the skin need not be cut at all. Turtles can be dealt with by cutting away the breast-plate (plastron) and, after stuffing, wiring it on again. Reptiles in general are preserved entire in spirits. For invertebrates, methods are various, and would require another article.

In the foregoing outline of work, some important details are omitted for brevity, but some mention might well have been made of the treatment of eyes. The sockets are, of course, to be stuffed to natural fullness; too often made to bulge too much. The eyes of raptorial birds, such as hawks, are in life deep-set, and the expression depends much on this. Before putting in the artificial eyes, it is well to wait a day or two for the lids to begin to harden, so as to retain shape after the glass eyes are inserted. These should be fastened in place by sharpening and pushing firmly in the wire stem, and gluing it and the glass to the firm stuffing.

MARY ANDERSON OF TO-DAY.

Time Has Accentuated the Beauty of the Former "Tragic Queen."

Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

To see and to talk with Mary Anderson as she is to-day brings one no suggestion whatever of the once famous "Queen of the Stage." Nothing about her recalls her past triumphs in the histrionic art, unless it be her beauty and her manner. She is now thirty-seven, in the full flush of perfect, mature womanhood. One not having seen her since she abandoned her professional career will observe that her tall, graceful figure is more rounded—with a slight tendency toward stoutness. Six years have made no changes in the beauty of her features except to ripen and soften it. The girlish fairness has been transformed into a more mature womanly beauty. Her vivacity of manner—always one of her most delightful characteristics—has not been modified in the slightest degree; the same heartiness of spirit and healthy enthusiasm, so well remembered by those who knew her intimately; the same wholesomeness of thought; the same merry laugh—as if she laughed because she enjoyed nothing better in the world; the same quickness and readiness of speech; the same animation of the eyes are unchanged unless they be further accentuated, and in their development made more winsome and attractive. But of the actress nothing remains. Her past is her past, and unless one recalls it neither its trials nor triumphs seem to come back to her. And even when the past—her stage career—is brought up the results are not exactly satisfactory, considered from a conversational standpoint. * * * Not a portrait in her surroundings presents or suggests her as an actress. Of all the hundreds of character photographs taken of her she does not possess a single one.

EARLY ILLINOIS DAYS

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE ERA OF THE WOLF AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

Loss of an Only Pair of Breeches—A Frontier Bed and Backwoods Grindstone—Work and Wages.

New York Sun.

"When I was a young man out in McLean county, Illinois," said Elnathan Rockwell, an octogenarian of this city, "I walked four miles through a deep snow to see my girl one night, and more snow began falling so heavily that I couldn't get home across the prairie, and had to stay at her folks' house all night. There was nothing strange in that as settlers were few and far between, and it was common for neighbors to stay all night with one another. There was nothing strange, either, in my having on a pair of buckskin breeches, for cloth was a scarce article with us in those days, and what we had was home-made. Deer were plentiful, and buckskin clothing was common wearing apparel in winter.

"The pair of breeches I went sparking in that night was made from a skin that hadn't been properly cured, and it was a little green yet. My girl's folks had moved from their first log house into a new one, and as their new house, like all dwellings of the prairie pioneers, had but one apartment, they made a shake-down for me in the vacant log house. There wasn't any door to the old house. I laid my buckskin breeches on the floor by the side of my bed. Some time during the night either the family dog or a wolf or two, scenting that green buckskin, came into the cabin, stole my breeches and took them away somewhere and ate them. I saw the tracks in the snow inside the log house, but the falling snow had covered them up on the outside.

"It was terribly cold, and all I could do was to lie in bed and wait for developments. I should have been up and eating breakfast long before daylight, and, daylight coming, and I not having put in an appearance yet, my girl's mother came out to see what was the matter. There was great commotion when she found out, for there wasn't another pair of breeches within four miles except her husband's, and he wanted his himself. The consequence was that I had to lie covered up in the old log house until he could go all the way through the snow to our house, four miles, get my father's breeches, and come back with them to my relief. In the condition of the prairie, the snow being two feet deep, this trip took nearly all the rest of the day, and my father had to go to bed until I got home with his breeches. By the time I got there mother had a new pair of buckskins nearly ready, and everything was all right.

"Not long after that I fixed it so there would be no danger of my getting into such a scrape again. I married my girl and we went to keeping house right away. Our house was a log cabin I had built. It had no floor but the ground, and the door was a big deerskin fastened up over the opening. There was a window in the house. It was a piece of paper greased with coon's oil, and tacked over a hole in the side of the house. Our bedstead was made by boring two holes in one of the logs in one side of the room, five feet apart, into each of which holes the end of a rail was fitted. The other end of each rail was supported by a crotched stick as high from the ground as the holes were. Split rails were laid across for slats, and the bed was made up on them. In the daytime the bedstead was taken down and stood up in a corner out of the way. Our table was a puncheon split out of a log that was four feet across. The plank thus made was three inches thick, with a hole bored in each corner for sticks to be driven in for legs. Our two chairs were made in the same way. All of this timber, the logs for the house, the rails for the bedstead, and the material for the other furniture was black walnut, and would be worth a small fortune now.

WOLVES THE ONLY COMPANY.

"Our nearest neighbor was five miles away, and the first winter we lived on our place all the company we had was wolves that came boldly into the yard and picked up what they could find, wild turkeys that came and ate the crumbs that were swept out and deer that came from the timber and tried to sneak a share of the corn fodder we fed our cow and oxen on. That winter my wife walked five miles and back, morning and evening, for three days to do weaving for a neighbor, her pay being a pair of chickens that we wanted to start a flock with.

"When our baby was three months old my wife used to leave it on the bed while she drove the oxen as I plowed up the stiff prairie sod. We had a good dog, which always stayed in the cabin at such times. My wife would go to the house every half hour or so to see if everything was all right. One day she started on one of these trips and met the dog, covered with blood and so badly hurt that he was dragging himself along toward where we were. She almost flew the rest of the way to the house. There she found the baby on the bed all right, but in front of the bed lay a big wolf dead and nearly torn to pieces. The condition of the dog was explained. The wolf had come down to the cabin while we were away, and but for the dog would have devoured our child. We never left the baby alone after that, and he is living right here in New York to-day, and so is his mother.

"The early settlers in that part of Illinois were so far from market, and the cost of transportation was so great that we bought but few articles of every-day use. McLean county belonged to the wolves and the rattlesnakes when my folks first went there. There wasn't a house between what is now Bloomington and Chicago. The nearest mill was at Attica, on the Wabash river, which was 120 miles away. After a while a man named Allen started a mill at Keg Grove, now Bloomington, and ground his grist between stones we called 'niggerheads,' which were found here and there on the prairie. Before that we used to hollow out a section of a log at one end, sixteen inches deep, by burning and smoothing it with an in-shave. In that hollow we placed the corn and pounded it with a heavy pestle made of hard wood. This made a coarse meal that had to meet our wants. We caught fish in the streams by making a seine or net of tanned and dressed deerskin stretched over a big hoop, and with holes burned in the skin by the heated tines of a fork. I went clear down to Natchez one spring after seed corn.

"We tanned buckskin by soaking the pelt in weak lye to take the hair off. We removed the grain coating next to the skin by scraping with a knife. This left the skin soft. It was made more pliable by dressing it with the brains of the deer, which answered all the purpose of a tanner's 'dubbing.' We colored the buckskin by smoking it with the smoke of smouldering maple chips.

"The settlers raised their own flax and wool, and the women spun and wove cloth from them. They made jeans and linsey woolsey, with which much of the hired work was paid for. The cloth was colored with walnut and hickory bark. We had to have kettles for soap making, sugar making and dyeing, and these were paid for with maple sugar, a pound of sugar for a pound of kettle. Wheat was cut with a sickle and threshed by tramping it out with horses. The chaff we separated from the grain by throwing it in the air or letting it fall from a high place. All the looking glass our women folks had was the bottom of a tin pan made particularly bright by scouring. Their tubs, barrels and the like were made by digging out logs to the necessary depth. These were very heavy, and so they were set on legs and a hole bored in the bottom with a plug in to let the water out.

A BACKWOODS GRINDSTONE.

"I would give a nice sum to have one of the wooden grindstones the settlers were compelled to use. It would be a curiosity in these days. These grindstones were made by sawing a piece off a newly felled soft wood log, giving a disk perhaps two feet in diameter and with five inches of surface. The surface of this disk all the way round was pounded full of sand until it resembled coarse sandpaper. The grindstone was then laid aside to season. When it was thoroughly dried the sand was firmly imbedded in the wood, and on this we scratched our axes and other blades to the best edge we could. I have ridden sixty miles on horseback to have a plow iron sharpened.

"The routine of the year in those early times on the prairie was about like this: In the winter, hunting wolves and deer, which were more than abundant. I have seen 300 deer in one drove passing from one piece of timber across the prairie to another. In the spring and summer, plowing and planting corn and cultivating it. In the fall, taking it to Chicago and thinking we were doing well to get 12½ cents a bushel for it, or driving a drove of hogs to that market. Drovers used to do the most of this, however, coming around among us and buying up our hogs. I remember one fall some of us thought the drovers were not offering us the market price for hogs and we drove them to Chicago ourselves. This was as late as 1842, and we got as much as 25 cents a hundred for our hogs—less than half what had been offered at home. I don't believe that kind of hog would fetch 25 cents a ton now. It was what was known as prairie rooters and wind splitters. It was built to root and travel. It could root anything, climb anything and run anywhere. I have known one of those hogs to climb out of a pen on one side as a man with his butcher knife climbed in on the other side.

"But these hogs were valuable to us, even if they were not much good for pork. This was because they could be utilized in breaking up yellow jackets' nests. This prairie yellow jacket was a terror. It was nearly as big as a bumblebee, but built more like a wasp. It was marked with bright yellow bands around the body. It had a stinger half as long as its body. It made its nests in the ground where the cattle best liked to pasture, and if a cow stepped on one of these nests it was pretty apt to be stung to death. The yellow jackets would hold on with their mouths to anything they attacked and plunge their stingers in full length as many times as it suited them. When we discovered a yellow jackets' nest we scattered corn on the ground over it and drove one or more of our prairie rooters to the spot.

The hog would devour the corn, and, believing that there was more in the ground where that came from, it would begin to root. The yellow jackets would swarm out, cover him from head to tail, and sting and sting and sting. But the prairie rooter didn't mind them a bit. He would root in that spot until he had wiped that nest out of existence. Then, finding no more corn, he would saunter to the nearest wallow hole and bury himself in the puddle, taking his coating of yellow jackets along and incidentally drowning or smothering the whole tenacious swarm. Pioneer humor used to demonstrate itself now and then by some jocose settler tacking a notice of some kind to a tree near a yellow jackets' nest. When curious neighbors stopped to read the notice, to do which they would have to tramp on the nest, the spiteful bees would come out and dip them, much to the amusement of the joker.

There was another venomous insect that was a great pest to us. This was what was known as the green-head fly. It seemed to breed on the long prairie grass, and it was such a serious annoyance that sometimes in the summer a person could not drive his horses or oxen in the daytime, or even on moonlight nights, as the flies attacked them so fiercely that if they were not goaded to death they would become crazed with the pain and become unmanageable.

ABUNDANCE OF WILD HONEY.

"Wild honey bees literally darkened the prairie flowers, they were so numerous. As a consequence wild honey was as abundant as the sap in maple trees. Wagon load after wagon load of this honey was taken to market. I have carted tons of it to Chicago myself. I remember once a party of us found a big bee tree and cut it down. We had a dozen big wooden pails, and after all these were filled with honey the store in the tree wasn't half gathered.

"We cut down a butternut tree that was a foot in diameter. We cut a log from it, and it was twelve feet long. This we split and hollowed half out as deep as we could. Then we bound the two halves together again with hickory withes and plugged up one end. This gave us a hollow cylinder twelve feet long and nine inches across. The honey that was left in the tree filled this improvised barrel, and there was yet some to spare. I paid for my marriage license with a pail of this honey. It was a common thing to pay marriage licenses and wedding fees with wolf scalps, maple sugar and wild honey. I have split rails many a day for 30 cents a hundred, chopped wood for 25 cents a cord, walked four miles to and from my work, and boarded myself, and made money at it. We prairie pioneers were artists in rail splitting. If a man had a clapboard roof on his log house and white, greased paper windows, we called it a mansion. A man named Adolphus Dimmick came to McLean county in 1833 and settled at Old Town Timber. He built a log house, put a split board floor in it, made a pounded clay hearth and fireplace, and plastered his house with 'cut-and-clay.' This was simply a palace. Cut-and-clay was clay mixed with cut straw. Dimmick was from Connecticut originally, and had emigrated to Ripley county, Indiana, in 1816, where he started a fruit tree nursery, the first west of the Ohio.

"There was a curious formation on the prairie a few miles from where I lived which was known as Big Bone Lick. This was a miry place, the water that came to the surface being very salty. Wild animals, especially deer, used to seek that spot, and many of them sank out of sight in the lick, which seemed to have no bottom. Some people called it the Devil's Mushpot. Bones of unknown animals were frequently fished out of the place. I saw one bone that nine men could sit side by side on.

"The most exciting times we had in those days were during the prairie fires. The heat these fires threw ahead of them was so intense that the grass would ignite more than one hundred feet in advance of the flames. We used to burn immense rings far ahead of the approaching fire, leaving a gap on one side. At this gap deer would rush to escape the fire, and, standing at a convenient distance, we would shoot them as they bounded by. I have seen fifty deer killed in less than ten minutes beyond the gap of one of these fire rings.

"The prairie fires traveled with the center of the flaming mass far ahead, the sides seeming to be immense wings. The form of a prairie fire resembled that of a flock of wild geese. It drew currents of air after it that became a heated gale, driving its crator on. Wherever the prairie was protected and the fire kept out for a considerable time timber soon grew. When I left Illinois in 1852 there were heavy pieces of timber growing where it was all prairie within my recollection."

BOOMING A BURST BOOM.

A Speculator's Device for Getting Out of a Tight Place.

Washington Star.

A gentleman, more or less connected with the boom times and towns which, like a South sea bubble wave, swept over the country some years ago, was at a Washington hotel last week, and during a conversation with a reporter made a statement which had as much business in it as the boom had wind.

"Some of those towns," said he, "were boomed on nothing, and some of them had possibilities behind them which may yet develop into something and result in more than even their most sanguine projectors anticipated. I recall one, which I believe is yet to become a city. It has now about three thousand people, and an immense sum of money was spent on it. Factories were built, business houses erected, streets paved, and generally all modern conveniences were lavished on the place, and it had a population two or three times larger than it now has. Among the men who invested was a shrewd Chicago man, who was led into dropping about $50,000 into town lots, and when the boom died out his property wasn't worth a tenth of what he paid for it.

"Two or three years went by and he was about forgotten, when one summer day two years ago a man appeared in the almost deserted village and began taking a look at things. He found that business houses could be bought for little or nothing, that town lots were selling almost at acreage prices, if they could be sold at all, and that the people still in town were hanging on only because they knew that if the tide ever did set their way again they would come out on top, for their town was in the midst of fine coal and iron and timber, and it only needed capital to set it going. The visitor very quietly bought up the most desirable houses and lots or got options on them, and then he disappeared.

"Thirty days later another man came, and he began talking about leasing or buying one of the idle factories. Nothing suited him, however, and he finally got the town to give him ten acres as a site for a furniture factory and lumber yard. In ten days he had three hundred men at work laying foundations and getting things in shape, and the town took a big spurt.

Property jumped away up again, empty houses filled up, business fairly boomed, and the man who had first come to town came back again and began to sell off the buildings and lots he had secured. He sold enough to make him a profit of about $125,000 on his original purchases, and then he disappeared.

"A week later work was stopped on the foundations of the new factory, the men were told some sort of a story about an unavoidable delay owing to unlooked-for litigation, and they waited for work to begin again. A few of them found permanent employment in the town, but the great majority, after waiting till they couldn't wait any longer, got out, and things now are about where they were when the second boom started. Probably $10,000 in all had been spent to create the boom, which, added to the $50,000 dropped by the Chicago party, left him a net profit of about $65,000 on the entire transaction. I say the Chicago party, because everybody else said he was the man, though no one ever saw him there or heard of his name in connection with any part of the scheme."

Pampering the Children.

New York Press.

There is too much unnecessary fussing about children having to walk a few blocks to school or climb a few stairs. The men and women who made this country what it is used to walk miles to school and climbed rail fences, waded creeks and picked blackberries on the way. Our children are pampered too much. They are in danger of growing up to be worthless. Very few of them study hard enough to endanger their brains or health. A little more walking would do them good. We don't want any mushroom children—tender things, afraid of doing something.

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